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ally sloper's Half Holiday

CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. V.—No. 231.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1888.

[ONE PENNY.]



SUDDEN COLLAPSE AT PENZANCE.

"The excitement of the last three months' seaside tour has resulted in a complete breakdown of Poor Papa's health. For some time he had been complaining of feeling extra shaky, and the other morning, while meandering along the Parade at Penzance towards the station, his manly form was seen to gracefully collapse. Through the timely aid of a policeman, and the kindly attentions of some fishermen, after an hour or two they managed to bring him round. The event has cast a painful gloom over the entire town, and most of the visitors have already gone into mourning. We have wired for Sir Andrew Clarke."—TOOTSIE.

A PAIR OF MICHAELMAS GEESE.



1. "Gracious me, Julia!" ejaculated Bill Tripps, "who could 'a' sent us this 'ere amper? I do believe it's a goose."



2. "Ay, several on 'em, old chum," responded Julia. "Bill, we'll 'ave a gay old time o' it to-night if ever we did."



3. "Julia," sighed Bill, "are there any geese here?" "Yes, two," said Julia. "And they?" "Are ourselves," "Guess you are right," groaned Bill.

A COMIC HIGHWAYMAN.

WHEN Master Ned Bonnet was but ten years of age, his father sent him to the parson of the parish of Ely, in Cambridgeshire, with a present of a sparerib of pork, wrapped in a cloth, and packed in a basket. Ned knocked loudly at the door, and told the man-servant he wanted to see his master, on which the parson appeared and asked Ned's business. "Only this," said Ned, handing the basket without removing his hat. "My father sent it you." "Fie, fie!" exclaimed his reverence, in gentle reproof, "have you no manners? You should pull off your hat and say, 'Sir, my father gives his service to you, and desires you to accept this small token.' Come, now, go out again with the basket and knock at the door, and I'll let you in, and pray let me see how prettily you can perform it." So the good parson closed the door and waited till his patience was exhausted, when, looking out, he saw Ned Bonnet afar off, walking away with the basket. "So-ho! sirrah! where are you going?" shouted the parson. "Home," bawled Ned. "But you must come back and do as I bade you," shouted the parson. "No, thank you," bawled Ned; "you taught me manners, I'll teach you wit." The man-servant, hearing this, doubled up with laughter behind his master's back, and that was the last the parson saw of that sparerib.

So merry and irreverent a joker as this could hardly be expected to settle down soberly as a grocer's apprentice, but as such he is said to have "served his time with credit."

married a good young woman, started in business on his own account, and saved six hundred pounds. An unfortunate fire, however, deprived him of all his money, and he fled from his creditors and wife, came up to London, fell in with a band of highwaymen, and took to the highway. Having, so says Captain Johnson, his biographer, provided himself with a horse, "which he taught to leap over ditch, hedge, or toll-bar, and to know all the roads in the country, whether by day or night, he quickly became the terror of Cambridge-shire."

Two of his little jocularities are, perhaps, worth repeating. For instance, the Captain tells us how, when robbing an Anabaptist preacher, he interrupted a pious exhortation from the latter, with, "Pray, sir, keep your breath to cool your porridge. Deliver me your mon-y, and bestow your cant upon your female auditors, who never scold their maids without cudgelling them with broken pieces of Scripture." Whereupon, taking a watch and eight guineas, he tied the minister's legs under his horse, and let him depart.

How again, Ned and his band, meeting a nobleman and four men-servants, and calling on them to stand and deliver, "the nobleman pretended that he supposed they were in jest, and said that if they would accompany him to the next inn, he would treat them handsomely, to which Ned replied that he preferred the present to the future, robbed the lord of a purse of gold, a gold watch, a gold snuff-box, and a diamond ring, and binding him and his servants hand and foot, left them, saying he would bring them more company presently." And as good as his word, he, in about a couple of hours, increased the number to a dozen, on which Ned observed, "There are now twelve of you, all good men and true, so, bidding you farewell, you may give in your verdict against us as you please when we are gone, though it may be none of the best, and to give you less trouble, and cause us less waste of time, we shall not stay to challenge any of you."

After having, according to computation, his biographer tells us, committed quite three hundred robberies, he was betrayed by one of the trusty band, and apprehended at his lodgings, taken to Newgate, and thence to Cambridge, where he was hanged on the 28th of March, 1713, "to the great joy of the county."

"Billiam," said Alexandry, "have you ever observed that misplaced pleasantness?"

But here Billiam, with an unexpected jerk back from behind, landed Alexandry, who had risen to the height of impassioned eloquence, upon a catch 'em alive, oh! previously placed on the chair-seat, and the rest of that afternoon was not a happy one.

(Next week "A Deep-Laid Scheme.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*. Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their Queries—particularly the queerest; but all questions put to the Editor, or to any member of "THE FAMILY," will be answered in due course. Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned should enclose stamps for that purpose.

A. KEMP.—Cheer up, you are fairly on your way for a Watch. HENRY HOUGH (Deptford).—Yes.—G. P.—Yes it is. WYANDOTTE.—Oh, yes; where you left off, by all means. Thanks for Relics.—CHARLES WRIGHT.—No, there is no reward but ALLY'S thanks; surely that ought to be enough for any man. S. BARNISTER.—Thanks.—J. B. JOHNSON.—Send it up again, and Tootsie will see that it appears.—WALTER CHILDS.—Sorry we don't know.—A. J. K. (Leeds).—Sorry we have no space for your contributions, but we are full up to the brim with verse.—BUSY BEE (Belle Isle, Leeds).—Yes, all your coupons have been received, and you can commence again from where you left off. Good luck attend you.—H. G. COWARD (Bacup).—All right, only have a little more patience.—HENRIQUET.—You had better send advertisement again.—HENRY HOLLOWAY.—You will get a Watch, no doubt, but the second article is a little too-too, don'tcher-know.—JOSAS.—The "Phonographic Teacher," which is published by Pitman, Paternoster Row, London, would suit you best.—WILLIAM SHARPE (Watlington).—Your case shall receive the judge's attention.—G. J. T.—From where you left off.—INLAND REVENUE.—No, it is against the rules.—MINNESOTA BOB.—See answer to Inland Revenue.—SALON.—You are out of order, and must cease the practice if you want to succeed. E. G. G. (Tunbridge Wells).—See answer to Inland Revenue.—E. M. MOON (Hayes).—The cleverly-tressed "Murphies" have been found a place among the "Relics." Thanks, muchly.—M. GOSHAWK (Harlow).—Yes, "Relics" received, and placed in a prominent position. Thanks.—E. H. (Battersen).—Consult a solicitor.—ANNIE KERSHAW (Glasgow).—Yes, it is against the rules of the Post Office to paste anything on the back of a Postcard, and 4d. extra is charged for every Card so used.—C. W. RIDER (Wandsworth, S.W.).—No use, as we have no space to spare.

"ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY."

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And the "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" will be given for

THE BIGGEST CRAM

Told by a Reader of this Paper. This being the Gooseberry Season, it is thought that one or two new experiences may leak out. Please Address—

"OLD GOOSEBERRY,"

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

*. The List will close SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6TH, 1888.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

"I SAAY, ferther, Tom writes as how he's a-learnin' boxin' and fencin'," said Mrs. Farmer, who had been reading a letter from her son. "I be main glad of that," observed the farmer: "for our fences want mendin' oop real bad, and a carpenter is allus useful on a farm."

Stranger (to man digging hole). What are you doing here, my friend?

Digger (saragely). Digging a hole to plant seeds.

Stranger (after short silence). Dear me, now; I should have thought you were going to put in spurs to prop up that gate.

Digger (still more saragely). Well; don't you put in seeds to propagate!

"I DROPPED in at Mrs. Cagmag's last night. Awfully crowded," observed Jones. "Funny thing she never introduces anybody," remarked Smith. "Have you noticed that?" "Yes, and a very good reason why," said Jones. "What's that?" inquired Smith. "Why, if one half the people knew who the other half were, they'd never enter the house again."



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.

No. 231.—The "Cowes" Bathing Costume.



Flo. What is love like, Alice? Alice. Like? oh! it's like nutmeg—pleasant to the taste, but dangerous in its results. Never you try it, dear.



Rate Collector. Tell your master I've come for the water-rate. Slavey. Master said he didn't want no water, and yer was to take it back in pail-fuls.



SWEET INNOCENCE!

Mother (musingly). How sweet is slumbering innocence! What thoughts of love it kindles in our breasts! What are the vain pleasures of this wicked world, compared to one half-hour in the presence of this sweet child? (After a pause.) Dear, dear! I do declare I have been here quite five minutes, and, if I remain another second, I shall be late for the theatre—and I wouldn't be that for the world!



STRANGE DISCOVERY IN SHOE LANE.



ON "TRIAL." Magistrate. You are fully committed.

"PRISONER, you are charged with abetting at this prizefight," said the magistrate, "what have you to say in your defence?" "I'll take my oath I wasn't a-betting, yer worship," ejaculated the prisoner, "I never had a bloomin' penny on it."

"You are very fond of running the women down," said a young lady, "and I daresay we are a bad lot, but if I was made a man I should be much worse, I know." "Why?" inquired the man. "Why? Because I should be a he then—a heathen, don't you see?"

"HALLO, old man, Mrs. Quiverful going to have another baby?" interrogated a friend. "Yes, worse luck," replied Quiverful. "I should boycott it, if I were you," remarked the friend. "That's all right; but suppose it's a girl?" returned Quiverful.

NE'er buy for which no use you've got,
However cheap it may be,
Like that poor man who bought a cot
Before he'd got a baby.
He didn't wish the cot to waste,
So he took himself a wife,
Then ev'ry year that cot was graced
The remainder of his life.

"I SAY, grandpa!" said a member of the rising generation, "what's the difference between you and sister Blanche when you go to church? Give it up? Why, when you're in church you close the eyes, and when Blanche goes she eyes the clothes."

"HALLO, Soodle!" exclaimed Boggins, "so you have returned from America. And what struck you the most during your visit to the States?" "Well—er—I think—er—that the—er—strangest circumstance—er—I noticed was the—er—fact that—er—all the barnmaids over there are men."

Mrs. Sloper. Look here, dear, here is a paragraph in this paper that you ought to read about—how to increase the circulation.

ALLY SLOPER (testily). Oh, yes, I know all about that. Pity they don't increase their own circulation before giving advice to others. The "HALF-HOLIDAY" has the largest circulation of any—

Mrs. Sloper (calmly). You are under a misapprehension, my dear. This advice is to use a sponge bath in the morning, and dry with a rough towel afterwards.

"WHAT's that?" exclaimed the O'Flaherty, as an evening paper boy called out the contents of his sheet. "Death of ALLY SLOPER! Bedad, thin, O'll never believe it till Oi hear it from his own lips!"

"WHAT, sir!" exclaimed McMouth, with intense scorn, "that fellow call himself an actor? He could never even say 'The banquet waits' without making a mistake. Bah! I remember his first appearance as Hamlet at the Stoke Pogis Theatre. Everybody left the house, sir. Even the gas went out!"

THIS morning I can take my ease,
And lie in bed long as I please,
The missis' orders scoring;
I needn't hurry to catch the train,
But turn and go to sleep again,
For this is Sunday morning.

I UNDERSTAND now the meaning of the old saying that you may have too much of a good thing," observed Tottie Goodenough, the other evening, after she had returned from a moonlight stroll on the jetty: "for a man will very often offer a girl his arm when she only wants him to offer his hand."

THE other night Mrs. Clumberbump looked under the bed as usual, previous to retiring to rest, and perceiving a pair of the old man's boots, she naturally came to the conclusion that a burglar had concealed himself behind the valance. "Oh-h-h!" she screamed out, "Mr. Clumberbump, there's a man under the bed." "Is there?" replied that gentleman, philosophically. "Well, I'm glad you've found him at last, you've been looking long enough for him."

SCENE—Railway Carriage from Liverpool to London. Stranger (to young man playing nap). Excuse me, sir, but could you inform me which is considered the biggest club in London? Young Man (absorbed in Nap). The Ace.

TOOTSIE Sloper says that it is absurd of the men to blame the girls for not being able to whistle, as it is all their own fault, for directly a girl purses up her lips in order to practise, some great great fellow immediately thinks she wants a kiss, and all idea of practice is over for that occasion.

"A slur is something in music, is it not?" asked Johnson. "Yes, it is the technical name for the remark that one professional makes of another behind his back," observed Walker.

A SHORT life, my boys, and a merry one,
So fill up the glasses again,
And then when the time comes to bury one,
We'll score for more pleasure than pain.
A short life, my lads, and a merry one,
Believe me, 'tis far the best plan,
So don't let us make life a "Jerry" one,
But each live as well as he can.
A short life, my friends, and a merry one,
Eat, drink, and be happy say I,
What odds if a "beer" or a "sherry" one,
If life but pass happily by?

"HALLO, Simple!" ejaculated an old bachelor. "Is it true Miss Masterman is going to marry you?" "Why, er, y-y-yes," said Simple. "You see—er—she—er—quite took me—er—by storm, don't cher know." "Yes, and when you're her husband she'll keep you by it," cynically remarked the old'un.

"WHAT do you think, dad, is the most useful qualification in the long run," asked young Sharpshins. "In the long run, my boy," said the old man, "I should say plenty of breath."

THE Hon. Billy thought that he had mashed a lovely young thing on the Jetty extension at Margate, and having discovered where she was staying, he asked if he might be allowed to call upon her. "Sir!" exclaimed the charmer, with all the concentrated contempt of eighteen summers, "I am surprised at you! Do you wish to insult me?" etc., etc. "All right," said Billy, in his easy way, "you needn't make such a blooming fuss about it, I only meant when it was raining and I couldn't go anywhere else."

ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION.

The next picture offered to the readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is a large oil painting by G. J. PINWELL, measuring 5ft. x 4ft., in a massive gold frame, and entitled,

"THE EARL OF QUARTER-DECK."

All that has to be done is to make ONE APPLICATION ONLY, by sending an Envelope with this announcement enclosed, together with the Name and Address of the Applicant before Sunday next, September 30th.

Address—"ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION,"

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

*. This Picture will shortly be on View.

TOOTSIE AT COWES.

OUR seaside holiday is almost at an end, and I am very glad of it. After all, there is no place like home, even if it's only the home at Batter-



After a yacht voyage.

sea, opposite the Dogs'. The Hon'ble Billy is of the same opinion, and says for real pleasure give him London; and the Dook Snook is of opinion that hotels are all very well in their way, but give him the home comforts of a second-floor back in Bloomsbury; and Tottie, Nellie and Lardi thoroughly agree with him. Lord Bob, who has just asked for the hotel-bill (we have been staying at the "Fountain," at West Cowes), of course has the bad taste to remark that the trip has not cost any of us very much, so far, and that perhaps next year we might as well stay at our own happy homes, at our own expense. There is something essentially mean and trumpery about Bob. Since we have been in the island, we have, of course, done all that was to be done. We have yachted, and Bob, who is a shocking bad sailor, suffered martyrdom.

We went on Sunday evening to the Ryde Pier, and greatly enjoyed the playing of the band that, I am told, some selfish kill-joys and maw-worms have been working very hard to try and put down. We have been for excursions by coach, train and boat all over the island. We have been to quaint, old-fashioned Brading, with its thatched roofs and its stocks, which Billy wanted to sit in. We visited the remains of the Roman Villa discovered a year or two ago, with its wonderful tessellated floors and mosaics, and we had tea at the "Bugle." We rather regretted we could not bait Bob in the bull-ring at Brading, but, to console ourselves, we angled at Yarbridge—



En route for the Boat.

and once again the Dook almost landed something. We cannot justly, on the whole, be said to have taken much out of the sea this year.

We have been to the picturesque chine at Luccombe, and to wild and rugged Black Gang, and have visited Carisbrook Castle, the Wishing Well at St. Lawrence, and the grave of the "Dairymen's Daughter," at Arreton, over which we dropped a tear. We have done a little shopping at Ryde, at Fowler's and at Cole's, at which Bob, you may be sure, pulled a long face.

Yachting is, of course, a strong point at Cowes, which is, as you know, the principal yachting station of the world, and yachting men are round and about in any number, and have a sort of way about them calculated to win one after awhile. A great contrast, indeed, do some of them present to that Bob, with his long nose and pecky face, that utterly ridiculous, over-stuffed Billy, and that shattered fragment of a tottering aristocracy, the Dook Snook. The Isle of Wight would be really a delightful place to pass a time in in other company.

Yes, our seaside holiday is over, and I am very glad of it. I am looking forward now, if we have anything like a reasonable October, to trips to Virginia Water, the "Royal Forest Hotel," at Chingford, or the "Talbot," at Richmond, a favourite place of resort of mine, where you are always sure of a good dinner, capitally cooked. As I observed before, it is all over with our holiday. Bob has just paid his last hotel-bill, and he says as far as he himself is concerned, it will only run to bread and cheese and four-half on the homeward journey, at which intelligence Billy looks anxiously round, to see if the waiter has moved away all that was left of the breakfast from the sideboard.

Anon, we wended our way to the boat, Billy, from motives of economy, carrying a portmanteau. At Portsmouth, as we were stepping into the train, more unpleasantness arose, and, if you please, all because Tottie and Nellie, just for fun, kissed their hands to two mashers they happened to know. It's sickening!



A last farewell.

of economy, carrying a portmanteau. At Portsmouth, as we were stepping into the train, more unpleasantness arose, and, if you please, all because Tottie and Nellie, just for fun, kissed their hands to two mashers they happened to know. It's sickening!

TWENTY SILVER KEYLESS WATCHES GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK

To Purchasers of
ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

Cut out and fill in the Label printed below, and post it to:—
THE "SLOPER" WATCH DEPARTMENT,
"The Sloperies,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

THE "SLOPER" WATCH COMPETITION.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," September 29th, 1888.

Name

Address

Age

Occupation, if any

How many times applied

How long a Purchaser of the "Half-Holiday"

The list for this week's Competition will close on Wednesday evening next, October 3rd, 1888. The Result of the Competition of September 22nd, 1888, will be published in the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for October 6th, 1888.

112th WEEK. RESULT OF SEPTEMBER 15th COMPETITION.

The following Twenty Applicants have been awarded

"SLOPER" WATCHES:—

1. EDWARD JOHNSON, Wood Turner, 27 Citizen Road, Holloway. Age, 52 years. Subscriber—34 years. LONDON.
2. MARY WALTER, Governess, 102 Kilravock Street, Queen's Park. Age, 22 years. Subscriber—since 1886. LONDON.
3. JOHN CRAIL, Cellarman, 31 Crawford Street. Age, 44 years. Subscriber—132 weeks. LONDON.
4. JAMES ORAM, Storekeeper, The Stores. Age, 23 years. Subscriber—3 years and 1 month. BARNHAM JUNCTION.
5. FRED. MAIDWELL, Relief Signaller, Unity House, The Squire. Age, 20 years. Subscriber—7 months. BIRCHINGTON-ON-SEA.
6. JAMES BLEASLY, Porter, Station. Age, 23 years. Subscriber—2 years. BURTON AGNES.
7. GEORGE BOON, Newsagent. Age, 21 years. Subscriber—nearly 4 years. GREYTON.
8. W. PENNY, Grocer, High Town. Age, 17 years. Subscriber—6 months. HAY.
9. JESSIE MUSSON, Dressmaker, Police Station. Age, 20 years. Subscriber—since commencement. HUCKNALL TORKARD.
10. EDWARD H. EVANS, Office boy, Ince. Age, 12 years. Subscriber—24 weeks. Near CHESTER.
11. ERNEST KIDSON, Greenroft Park. Age, 22 years. Subscriber—24 years. LANCASTER.
12. PERCY GOURLAY, Innkeeper, "Angel" Inn. Age, 25 years. Subscriber—3 years. LITTLE HADHAM.
13. MARY CASEY, Cap Maker, 456 Oldham Road. Age, 17 years. Subscriber—3 years. MILES PLATTING.
14. GEORGE CHESTERS, Detachment 3rd Battalion Royal Welsh Fusiliers. Age, 19 years, 9 months. Subscriber—since commencement. OUGHTERD.
15. NICHOLAS BRAY, Hotel Keeper, "Commercial Hotel." Age, 44 years. Subscriber—12 months. SALTASH.
16. E. JOHNSTON, The Manse. Age, 12 years. Subscriber—2 years, 4 months. TATTENHALL.
17. HERBERT NEWSOME BAXTER. Age, 15 years. Subscriber—2 years. THORNTON-LE-MOOR.
18. A. J. GOODFELLOW, Post Office Clerk. Age, 20 years. Subscriber—over 3 years. WELFORD.
19. WILLIAM J. LUPTON, Gardener, The Convalescent Home. Age, 24 years. Subscriber—20 months, 3 weeks. WHITLEY.
20. CHARLES STALLARD, Builder's Clerk, 2 Roscoe Place, Middle Street. Age, 24 years. Subscriber—24 years. WORCESTER.

THE COMING HOME OF 'ARRY.

THE lodger's slave rests at last,
There's peace on Margate's shore;
The lodging-keeper's wicked cat
Will smoke cigars no more.
The summer's over! You shall view,
As through the streets you roam,
A figure elegant as grand—
'Tis 'Arry going home!

With pipe in mouth and bag in hand
He feels supremely blest;
He knows his 'Arriet waits for him,
To clasp him to her breast.
They've met! She cried, "My precious one,
You're fresh as ocean foam!
My cup of happiness is full
Now 'Arry has come home."

"We'll live in Poplar," 'Arry cried,
"From West-end follies far."
"With you in it," sweet 'Arriet sighed,
"It will be popular."
Said 'Arry, smiling on his pet,
"If you will argue thus,
I'll add that when we both are there,
'Twill soon be popular."

"O, 'Arry, 'Arry," 'Arriet said,
"The sea has made you witty;
There's not another clerk, I'm sure,
So brilliant in the City.
Until we're married, never more
Presume from me to roam;
I feel already like a bride,
Now 'Arry has come home."

YOUR CHARACTER TOLD.

For the Benefit of the Readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," the services of a Graphologist of great skill and talent have been engaged. Readers desiring a delineation of their character must send a letter of moderate length, signed with the usual signature, and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope (with the writer's own address). All letters must be directed to—

"ALLY SLOPER'S GRAPHOLOGIST,"
"THE SLOPERIES,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Answers will be posted direct to the addresses given on Envelopes. No notice will be taken of any communication not complying with the above regulations. Answers cannot be guaranteed within fourteen days, but will be forwarded as early as possible.

ONLY SEVENTEEN, TOO.

OLD Gubbins and his only daughter, Alice, sat in the little cottage over their tea. Old Gubbins was employed as a park-



"Because I never will marry."

"You needn't have any fear about that, dad," the girl replied. "Why not?" asked Gubbins.

"Because I never will marry," Alice answered with a determination that seemed strange to her father. Nothing more was said on the subject at the time, but the next day, as old Gubbins was going his rounds, he was astonished to see in the distance his daughter walking arm-in-arm with a tall Life-Guardsman. "A nice thing this," thought the old man, "after what Alice told me last night," and in spite of the fact that the hero wore the Soudan medal on his breast, old Gubbins was very upset and uneasy in his mind as to what it all meant.

His mind went back to his own early days when he first met Alice's mother. He thought of the purity of her life, and how, when she was dying, she prayed that her husband might long be spared to watch over her darling baby. He thought of the way in which he had brought Alice up, and taught her that there was only one real road to happiness, and that truth was the foundation of all good in this world. It had been the delight of his life to listen to her talk, and from babyhood to girlhood he always believed that there were no secrets between him and her. Gubbins had been scrupulously careful in the selection of her companions, at the same time always allowing her every opportunity of doing exactly what she liked. The old boy looked upon his child as an angel on earth, and hoped to see her married some day to a respectable, hard-working fellow, who would take care of her when he moved off to the land where there was no need for park-keepers. Her words of the night before, that "she never would marry," and her subsequent conduct, filled the old man's breast with the worst fears.

At tea in the evening the subject of his being left alone some day was again started by Gubbins, and without saying he had seen his daughter with the soldier, he dropped hints which he thought might lead Alice to tell him all about it. "I can't make it out," said he that night as he tumbled into the old four-post bed, and he lay worrying about it till he cried himself to sleep. At about two in the morning the good man awoke with a start. Was it a dream? No, it was Alice's voice, he was certain of that, and talking in the roadway below. Talking to whom? Visions of the soldier passed before him. Alice's vow that she would never marry filled the old man's mind with fearful forebodings. Looking out of the window, he could distinctly see her talking to a well-dressed man of about five-and-thirty, who was giving something to a policeman. This was not the soldier in plain clothes. Gubbins could clearly see that this was a much better class man. Although completely broken-hearted, the park-keeper crept into his things, and walking up to the park gates, after giving the well-dressed man a well in charge, took his darling safely back. With tears pouring down his wrinkled face, he begged her to tell him all, and he would forgive her. "Forgive what, you silly old, dear old, darling old dad? The fact is, I'm getting up a letter for the Daily Telegraph on 'Is Marriage a Failure?' and I've only been hunting up a few details." "God bless you, my child," gurgled old Gubbins, as he again turned into the old four-post bed.



Arm-in-arm with a tall Life-Guardsman.

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A well-dressed man of about five-and-thirty.

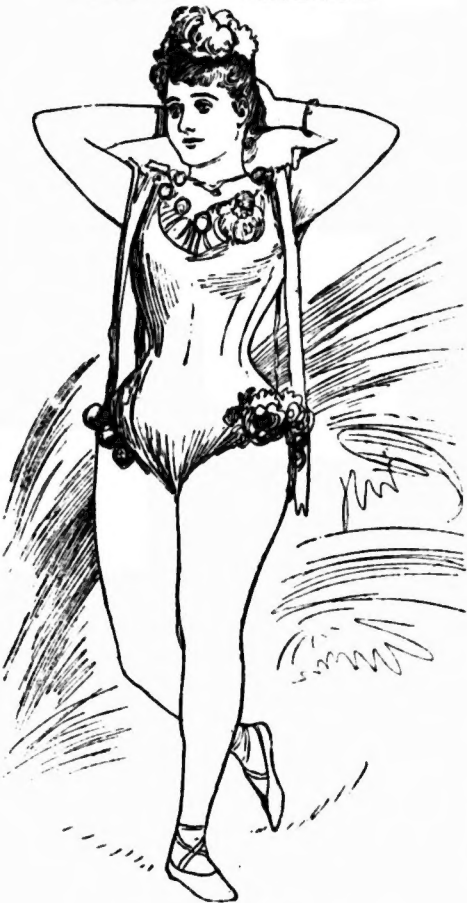


The Eastbourne Local Board is earnestly entreated to have those nasty little notices about donkeys placed where they can do no damage to human dignity.



DECIDEDLY.
Timothy Snuggles, on his honeymoon at Margate, in writing to a bosom friend in the City, says, "I think my wife is far too young for me. The other day she insisted on me getting down on all fours, and riding me as a gee-gee, as she calls it."

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 45.—MIDLE CLEO.

"I pray thee set my poor heart free, Bound in those icy chains by thee."
—The Dook Snook.
"Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment."
—Lord Rob.
"Pains of Love be sweeter far than all other pleasures are."
—The Hon. Billy.

BOODLEBY'S MICHAELMAS GOOSE ONCE MORE.



1. Our readers may remember that about this time last year, Daisy, Boodleby's pet goose, became a mother; but alas! her offspring lived a short time only to gladden the heart of Boodleby, for in a brief month it fell a victim to over-feeding, and for a time the household was inconsolable.



2. Then Boodleby and Stingmann, after having been ill-friends so long, made it up. "He may get tired of dat goose of 'is," argues S. with himself, "and we may eat her on Michaelmas Day after all." But when he called on B. he was entertained with specimens of Daisy's intellectuality.



3. "Dat old fool Boodleby vill never kill dat goose," mentally ejaculated Stingmann; "but von ding I see, dere is money in it!" Later on he was closeted with an individual closely resembling a showman, who, when they parted, observed, "Right, guv'nor; you let me 'ave the bird and we'll make a fortune."



4. In the small hours of that particular night, had Boodleby been looking out of his window, instead of gently sleeping on his downy couch, he would have observed a strangely disguised figure, with a gagged goose under its arm, about to scale the garden wall.

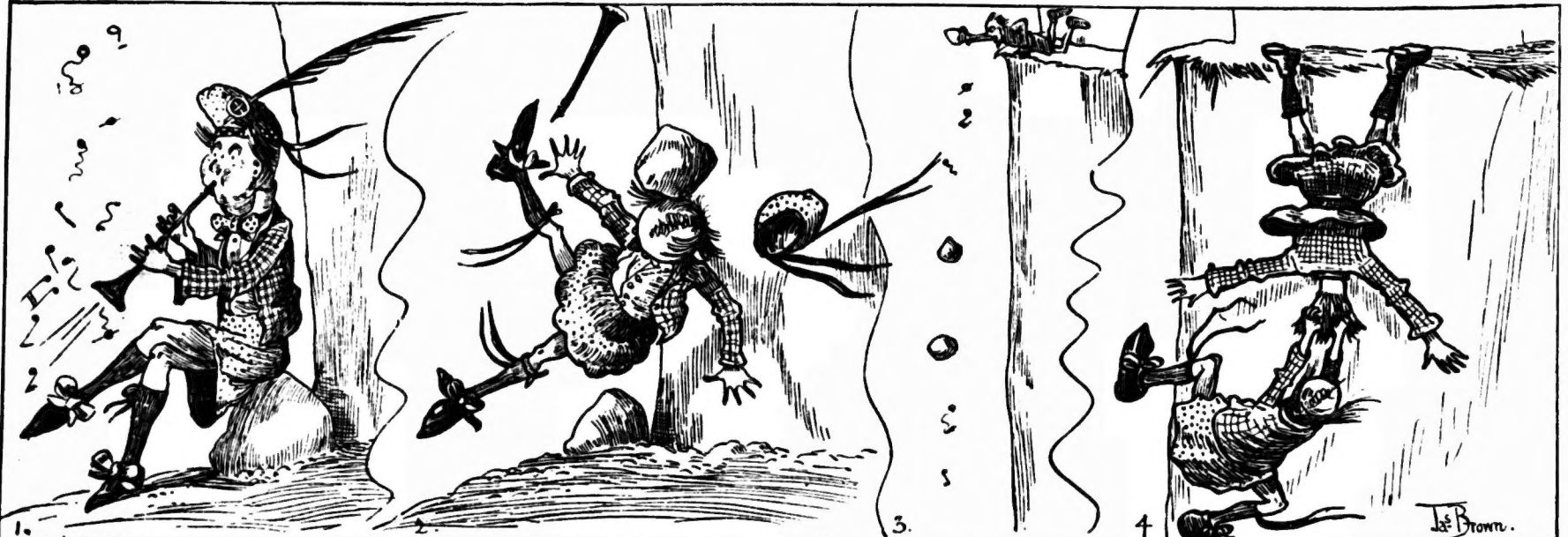


5. Early on the day on which the "Celebrated Performing Goose" was about to make its bow before a wondering audience in a back parlour in Lambeth Marsh, a certain showman happened to cast his eye on a poster. "Ulo!" cried he, "this is better business than taking coppers at the door to the town of a barrel-organ."



6. "And how did you find her, my good man?" "Twas Boodleby who spoke." "Well, you see, sir, it was all along of my little kid. My missis found 'em both in the road a-playing together as natural as could be. I didn't like to part 'em; but being honest, what could I do when I sees your poster?" "We are happily in a position to state, he DID NOT."

THE POOR ELDER TORTURED.



1. Poor Sandy McNeal has fallen in love, and is practising for a serenading expedition—

2. Just under the Elder's dear little cottage. "Earthquakes and haggis!" yelled Sandy, "what's this?"

3. But the Elder roared, "Ye scorpion! ye torturer! tak' that, and that," etc.

4. McNeal forgot himself, and said, "A'ill tear the vera legs off ye, ye beast, ye wid interfeed w' the course of true love, wid ye?"



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Quarter Day's sneaked round this way again, and found us, I presume, in our usual state—liabilities, £50, and assets, nil—at least, this is the case with me; and, as luck will have it, I possess not a shirt worth pawning. No matter, on we go.—Two females gay got rather tight, And eagerly commenced to fight:—Disgraceful, 'tis, as here is shown, The way some landlords claim their own:—Two whistling ladies here we see, Striving who should champion be:—Some English folks are honoured by A Royal reception on the sly:—Upon my word a funny case; 'Twas lucky that it missed her face.—His lordship smiled; the case was beer: He could give judgment without fear:—A policeman, feeling very gay, Sneaked girl, and coin, and ran away.—If any kind and generous friend has a few £50 notes lying idle about and wants to lend a few, say for ten years or so, without interest, they will be received with grateful thanks by—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

FOGG LAYS THE STAIR-CARPET.

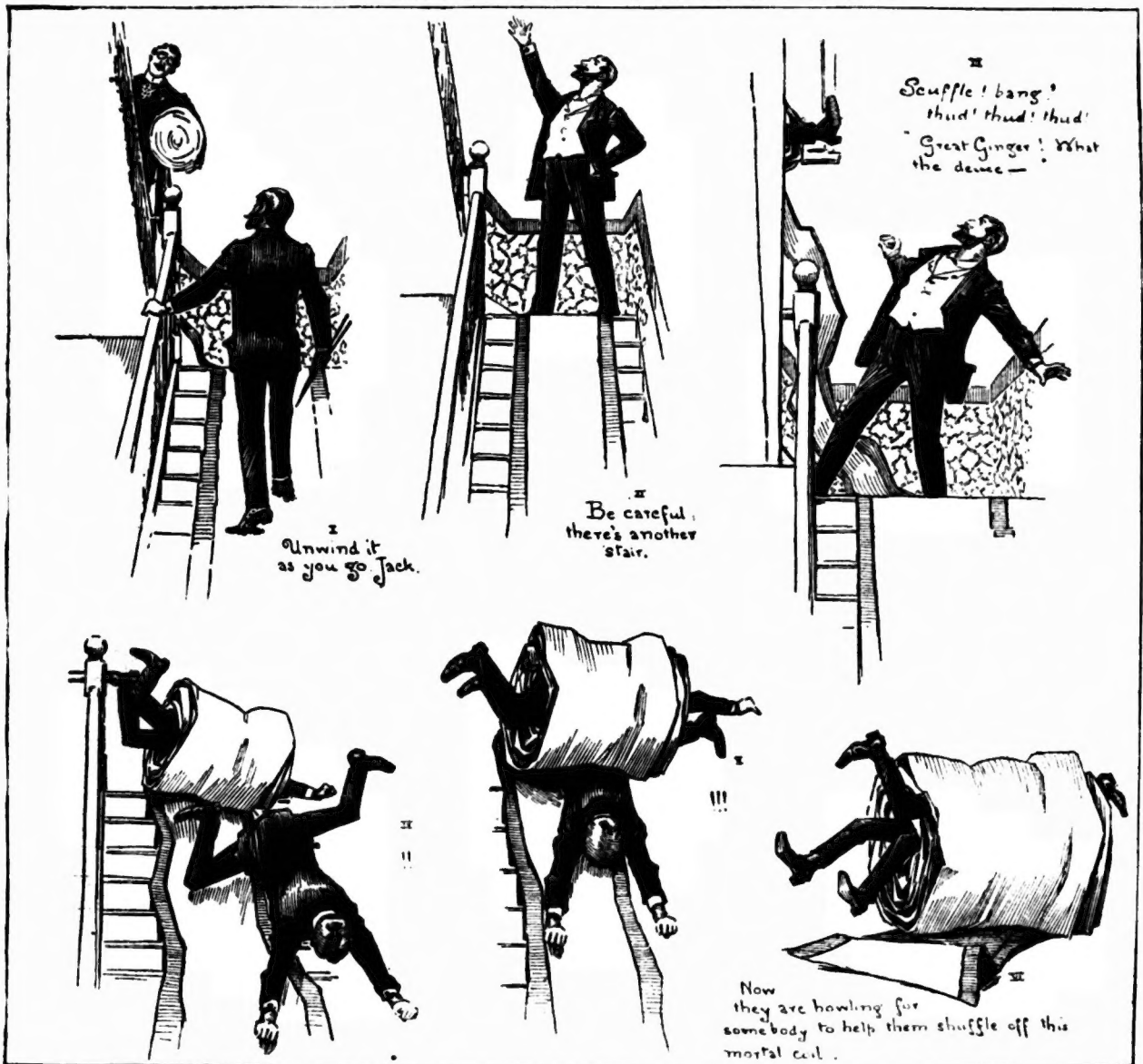


A GOOD ARRANGEMENT.

Both Ladies (to absent-minded Foggles, who has engaged himself twice for one dance). My dance, I think, Mr. Foggles. Foggles (wishing to be amiable). Really, ladies, I cannot take you both on at once. But, if you like, I'll give you half the dance each, or—er—shall we go Tommy Dodd, odd man to stand out?



He. Good heavens! Mary, the dog has got a goose. She (sarcastically). Do come away, Henry, or the dog may not be satisfied with one!



ALLY-CAMPANE.

"THE 29th of September: oh, dear! Quarter-day round again and no money to pay the landlord with." How many people are saying this at the present moment.



How many of A. SLOPER's subscribers are at their wits' end this Michaelmas, not knowing where to get the merry rent from. A. SLOPER at one time was in a chronic condition of *No Rent*, but lately, for some reason or other, he seems to be bettering his position, and occasionally the gay collector gets paid five minutes before the festive man in possession crosses the portals of Mildew Court. Things should never be run too fine on this earth; you should never put off till tomorrow that which is completely out of your power to do to-day. You ought to have done it the day before yesterday. Even The Eminent, perhaps the biggest philosopher of modern times, makes a mess of it occasionally. Only to-day, just as the Family were sitting down to their Michaelmas goose, a thinly-clad stranger was seen ascending the steps of the old ancestral home. Long before he could ask for the rent, a large bill, with £500 upon it, caught his twittering eye, and a well-known voice whispered the following blood-curdling announcement in his ear: INSTRUCTIONS—Commencing with the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for August 4th, 1888, cut out the first paragraph in "ALLY-CAMPANE" from each week's paper, and keep them by you until January 26th, 1889, when you will have twenty-six in your possession. Then post the twenty-six cuttings, with your name and address, to "Sloper's £500 Competition" "THE SLOPERIES," 99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C. and look in the Number for February 2nd, 1889, for the name and address of the lucky winner. Don't on any account post any of the cuttings until you have the twenty-six—that is, one from each week's "HALF-HOLIDAY," commencing August 4th, 1888, and ending January 26th, 1889.

Two young Spaniards quarrelled over an exceedingly pretty young girl, and agreed to settle their dispute by a duel, in which one at least should be killed. The conditions were that the right foot of the one should be tied to the left foot of the other, and then, each with a dagger, should stab one another by turns until one should die. These barbarous conditions were carried out to the letter, and with the most cold-blooded ferocity, and in the presence of the young lady in question. Each combatant received seven wounds before one of them expired, while still tied to his antagonist.

WEDNESDAY, September 12th, will be a celebrated day as long as the world lasts, certainly as long as A. SLOPER lasts. The reason why it will ever be considered a remarkable occasion is that the entire Sloper Family journeyed to Gravesend Regatta on board the *Princess of Wales*, captained by the gallant Henderson, a true Scotchman, and an intimate friend of McNab's. On arriving at Gravesend, Tootsie was presented with a bouquet of choice flowers by Messrs. George Ashenden and Sons, after which interesting ceremony the Family dined at the Royal Clarendon Hotel, with J. B. White, Esq., M.P. for Gravesend, who regretted that the entire Sloper Family were not all members of the House of Commons. During the dinner, Signor M. Dabiero and A. Mascheroni discoursed charming music on the mandolin and piano. Alexandry put his foot in it at dessert by calling the one Old Dab-in-the-eye-o, the other Mr. Maccaroni. Boys will be boys though. The Regatta was an immense success, and Mr. Herbert Fulljames, hon. sec., and Mr. G. Clinch, chairman, before parting with The Eminent, with tears in their eyes confessed that the Family had been the means of drawing several thousands of persons to Gravesend.

"HIS LAST PASSION" is published by the Harcourt Cab Publishing Company, and lovers of the sensational are advised to purchase it.

ANOTHER plucky doctor has given up his own life in the endeavour to cure a diphtheritic patient. Dr. Prut is the name of the brave man. He hails from the dispensary at Batignolles, Paris. Dr. Prut died after only a few hours' illness, caught in his devoted care of a little child suffering from the terrible complaint, from whose throat he sucked that which was to him death. The heroes of the hospital begin to form a formidable roll.

THE visit of the SLOPER Family to the Promenade Concerts, on September 14th, was a success undoubtedly, but it was, though kindly meant, a mistake on the part of the enthusiastic crowd that gathered underneath the Eminent's box to give voice to their feelings to such an extent. All the Covent Garden gentlemen are on the most friendly terms with A. SLOPER. Mr. Freeman Thomas, Mr. Gwyllyn Crowe, and Mr. Walter Gooch have all advanced money from time to time to A. SLOPER, therefore he is beloved by them, and the F.O.M. would be the last man in the world to annoy them in any way. Noises of the kind are very painful to the artistes. The feature of the evening was "Tootsie Sloper's Polka," composed by A. Gwyllyn Crowe, and played for the first time under his direction at these concerts, and Madame Rose Hersee's, F.O.S., rendering of "The Three Old Maids of Lee" took the house by storm. The report that "A. SLOPER'S Promenade Concerts" will take the place of "Freeman Thomas Promenade Concerts" next season is, to say the least, premature. "People are getting a joll: sight too clever with their reports," observed Mrs. SLOPER when she heard of it.

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THE Italian fair sex seem to be made of sterner stuff than their sisterhood of England. A day's basking in the sun at the seaside will knock the latter up. Not so the former, as the following will show:—Queen Marguerite of Italy is a clever mountaineer. She has scaled Mount Géant, which is over 11,000 ft. in height, and had to pass the night at a dilapidated half-way house. Together with two Court ladies, the Queen ascended no less than five mountains within eight days.

IF there is anyone still sceptical as to the tremendous success of the Alexandra Palace, had that individual been present on the occasion of either the benefit of Mr. Baldwin or of Messrs. Pain, he would have had all his doubts dispelled. Thousands upon thousands of visitors of all degrees flocked from all parts of London and the surrounding districts to witness what is, perhaps, the most sensational and attractive programme in London.

ABADIE is a gamekeeper in the Toulouse district. One morning he summoned a poacher to halt. "Yes," said the poacher, "I will halt, but only long enough to kill you," at the same time raising his gun to his shoulder. As he did so, the *garde* levelled his rifle and fired. The shot went through the poacher's brain, killing him instantly. At the trial Abadie was acquitted.

THERE have been thirteen Parliaments since the institution of Government in New South Wales, the shortest being the second, which opened in March, 1858, and lasted until April 9th, 1859. The longest was the fourth, which met in January, 1861, and lasted forty-six months. The shortest Session on record is that which commenced on May 29th, 1883, and ended June 1st of the same year.

THE new Court Theatre, just opened under the management of Mrs. John Wood, is superior in every way to its successor, and is now one of the sweetest little theatres in the metropolis. Mrs. Wood has done well, too, in gathering an extremely strong company around her, led by that sound actor, Mr. J. Hare, whose jovial face everyone will be glad once more to see. The piece selected for first representation is entitled *Mamma*, and is translated from the French.

ALTHOUGH Sir John Lubbock has not trained his pet dog to the wonderful pitch of being able to read French novels, he has taught him to bring printed cards in his mouth whenever he wishes to express a want. For example, at midday he will lug in a card printed "dinner," and in the afternoon one printed "a walk."

AN item from a Chinese newspaper:—"One hundred and thirty-six carts were to be seen outside a gate of the Nan-hai Palace at Peking, each containing a fair candidate for the Emperor's harem from mandarin families of the Manchu, Mongol, and Chinese banner population. The Empress held an inspection on that day, and selected for the youthful Emperor, of *fei pin*, six damsels; of the lower rank of *kung-nü*, twenty." But what of the 110 rejected ones! And what of their reception on their return home!

A MAN with a mania for ceaselessly talking has just been accommodated with comfortable quarters at the Yarra Bend Asylum, Melbourne. He was never at all violent, but it was the only way to keep him out of Parliament.

JIM O'CONNOR, a Yankee horse-thief, was recently being removed to gaol, heavily ironed, when he jumped through a railway car window. The sheriff in whose charge O'Connor was, as luck would have it, got carried by the train some miles further. When he returned he discovered, much to his satisfaction, his prisoner under a hedge. Strange to say, the thief, manacled as he was when taking his leap, was uninjured.

Two of the attractions of the Paris Exhibition of 1889 will be a children's palace and the pretty waitresses, the former to be constructed in the park, and comprising an exhibition of everything that interests children, their health, education and amusement. There will be a juvenile theatre, with infant actors, which will be open only during the day. The waitresses will have to look pretty, smile pleasantly, and will be required not to object to kissing.

IT is gratifying to know that the British authorities are striving their best to make King Ja-Ja comfortable in exile. Ja-Ja brought a wife away with him from Copoh, but, getting tired of her, he petitioned for another, and Patience, a girl of great beauty, is now on her way to Liverpool en route to join her dusky spouse in the West Indies. Some may think that this would satisfy poor Ja-Ja, but as it appears that he is used to between two and three hundred wives when at home, it is to be feared that he may still find his establishment a trifle dull.

LORD LONSDALE seems fond of doing extraordinary things. He got sick of his management, and a short time ago he started to discover the North Pole. His only companions were a valet and a dog. The valet, after a very short absence, returned, but no authentic news has been received of Lord Lonsdale. Those who are acquainted with the country through which the first part of his journey lay think the chances of his ever being heard of again are not very great.



A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 6TH, 1888.

30th September, 1769.—William Falconer, the popular Scotch poet, author of "The Shipwreck," sailed this day, as purser, in the *Aurora* frigate. She was never again heard of after touching at the Cape, but was supposed to have foundered in the Mozambique Channel during the month of December. The surrender of Jack's belief in the supernatural will probably be one of the last strongholds of superstition, for the obstinacy of his character will hold out long, despite the "schoolmaster abroad." Poor Falconer thus describes this peculiarity in the old English seaman:—

"Each veteran rule he prized,
And all improvements utterly despised."

30th September, 1788.—Lord Raglan, or Fitzroy Somerset as he was known, born this day, was badly hurt at Waterloo, and, says the Prince of Orange, who was in the hospital, "I was not conscious of the presence of Lord Fitzroy Somerset, until I heard him call out, in his ordinary tone, 'Hullo, don't carry that arm away till I have taken off my ring!' Neither wound nor operation had extorted a groan from his lips." Lord Raglan died of cholera in the Crimea in June, 1855.

1st October, 1826.—On this Sunday, in the neighbourhood of Liverpool, and for many miles round, especially at Wigan, the fields and roads were covered with a light filmy substance in incredible quantities, the filaments extending some yards in length. In walking the shoes were completely covered with it, and its floating fibres came in contact with the face in all directions. Every tree, post, or other projecting body had arrested a portion of it. It profusely descended at Wigan like a sleet, and in such quantities as to affect the appearance of the atmosphere. On examination it was found to contain small flies, some of which were so diminutive as to require a magnifying glass to render them visible. The substance so abundant in quantity was the *gossamer* of the garden, or field spider, often met with in the country in fine weather, and of which, according to Buffon, it would take 663,552 spiders to produce a single pound.

1st October, 1880.—A Brewers' Exhibition of all the plant and products connected with brewing was this day opened at the Agricultural Hall.

2nd October, 1825.—The *Times* and other journals reported the death on this day of Mrs. Hannah Want, at Ditchingham, Norfolk, in the 106th year of her age.

"For Age and Want save while you may,
No morning sun lasts a whole day."

2nd October, 1850.—There died this day at Woodford, in Gloucestershire, aged 93, James Ingram, landlord of the "Fox" Inn, the last survivor of the crew of the *Royal George*, which went down at Spithead in 1782.

2nd October, 1867.—The new docks at Belfast were this day opened by the Lord-Lieutenant.

3rd October, 1859.—The following is from the *Liverpool Albion* of this date:—"An officer of the marine infantry who commanded the penitentiary of St. Mary à la Comté, lately died of disease contracted at that insalubrious station. The inventory of the objects he left behind him comprised a very curious cuirass, with straps and other accessories. On examination, it proved to be of human skin. A convict had died whose breast was covered with extremely beautiful tattooing. The commandant of the station knew this, and had the man flayed before he was buried. For a moment it was thought that this human relic would have been put up for auction with the officer's other effects, but fortunately it occurred to somebody that it was rather too disgusting. It was known that the officer had worn the cuirass several times when fencing with his comrades."—Letter from French Guiana.

3rd October, 1883.—Burnham Beeches, purchased by the Corporation of the City of London for a public recreation ground for ever, were this day dedicated by the Duke of Buckingham, in the presence of the Lord Mayor, the sheriffs, and other members of the Corporation.

4th October, 1744.—Harry Carey, the popular wit, dramatic author, and musical composer, destroyed himself this day at his house in Great Warner Street, Coldbath Fields. Plutarch mentions an extraordinary man for suicide which raged at one time among the women in ancient Miletus, and states that it was at length checked by an edict, which announced that in future the corpses of those who destroyed themselves should be dragged naked through the streets by the rope with which the act was committed. Sixty persons committed suicide at Rouen in one year (1506), and the appalling number of 1,300 cases of self-destruction occurred at Versailles in 1793.

"Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

4th October, 1798.—The Cities of London and Westminster were this day brilliantly illuminated, in honour of the victory gained by Nelson at the Nile, and a liberal subscription was made for the widows and children of the brave men who fell in that battle. Admiral Nelson presented the sword of the French admiral, Blarquet, to the City of London.

5th October, 1717.—Horace Walpole, who was born on this day, writes, in the year 1750, the following to a friend:—"I was sitting in my own dining-room on Sunday night, the clock had not struck eleven, when I heard a loud cry of 'Stop thief!' A highwayman had attacked a post-chaise in Piccadilly, within fifty yards of this house. I expect to be robbed in my own garden at Strawberry Hill. I have a pond of gold-fish that they will be sure to steal, to burn like gold lace, and they may very easily, for the springs are so much sunk by this hot summer, that I am forced to water my pond once a week. The Chevalier Lorenzi has dined with me here. I gave him venison, and as he was determined to like it, he protested it was as good as beef."

5th October, 1864.—A cyclone at Calcutta this day destroyed property in the river and city to an amount too large ever to be accurately estimated. It was calculated that about forty people, principally natives, were killed in the city and suburbs.

6th October, 1536.—William Tyndale was this day strangled and burnt at Antwerp, at the instigation of Henry VIII. and his Council. His last words were, "Lori, open the King of England's eyes!" Fourteen editions of his Testament had then been published. There is a Bible in the library of the University of Göttingen, which is written on 5,476 palm-leaves.

6th October, 1101.—St. Bruno, the founder of the Carthusian Monks, died this day. This saint is styled by the writers of his own age, "Master of the Chartreuse." From his order comes our Charterhouse, in London.

6th October, 1863.—Died, Mrs. Frances Trollope, the novelist, aged 55 years.

6th October, 1789.—Lafayette marched to Versailles on this day, saved the royal family from the outrages of the mob, and placed them under the protection of the National Assembly. He was one of the most conspicuous characters in France during the Revolution.

ALLY SLOPER'S
FREE LIFE INSURANCE.

£150 will be paid by MR. GILBERT DALZIEL, the Proprietor of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," to the next-of-kin of any Man, Woman, Boy, or Girl (Railway Servants on duty excepted), who should happen to meet with his or her death in a Railway Accident, in any part of the United Kingdom. PROVIDED a copy of the current issue of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is found upon the Deceased at the time of the Accident. "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is published every Thursday morning at 10 o'clock, and the Insurance lasts one week from that time, expiring at 10 o'clock the following Thursday morning.

DEATH'S HOUR-GLASS.

"The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence, and we are entitled to ask whether this most recent addition to the list of victims of tight-lacing will have any influence in staying the prevalence of a barbarous and mischievous fashion."—Daily Paper.



THE sands of life, how fast they run!
Their progress none can master,
Yet lovely woman takes delight
To make them vanish faster.
She'll press in a Procrustean vice
Life's organs frail and tender,
That she may get an hour-glass waist
Preposterously slender.
An hour-glass waist! True beauty frowns,
And Nature can't conceive it;
Death's hour-glass every day it proves,
Yet woman won't believe it!

OUT AGAIN!

DE MASHER and Tomkyns called the other afternoon on the De Veres, who had given orders that they were never at home to him. "Haw! Mrs. De Vere's not at home, you say? Haw, most extraordinary! 'Pon my word, Tomkyns, that woman is a puzzle." "Indeed? Not a very difficult one to solve, I should think," replied Tomkyns, "for you are always finding her out."

NOT CREDITABLE.

"Did you see that Sneekers has got six months for stealing a ring?" asked Brown. "Serve him right!" returned lky Mo. "Shelp me, Moses, why couldn't the flat have got it on credit, and not paid for it as gentleman like you or I would have done?"

Each Week's Competition Complete in Itself.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

The Friend of Man is now giving Two Substantial Presents away every week to Purchasers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY"—one to a Lady, and one to a Gentleman. All that has to be done is to cut out and fill in the Label printed below, expressing a wish "what the Applicant is in want of," and post it to:—

ALLY'S "PRESENT" DEPARTMENT,

"The Sloperies,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

. Applicants must write distinctly in left-hand corner of Envelope whether it is a Lady or Gentleman applying.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," September 29th, 1888.

Name.....

Address.....

Want*.....

. Sloper Watches will not be given.

87th WEEK.

RESULT OF SEPTEMBER 15th COMPETITION.

The following Applicants have been Awarded

"SLOPER PRESENTS."

1. MRS. S. IRVING, 3 Argyle Square, SUNDERLAND.
A LUNCHEON BASKET.

2. HERBERT JAMES HARRIS, 11 Belsize Grove, Hampstead, LONDON.
A SILVER MATCH-BOX.

TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

Advertisements, as under, will be inserted in this column free of charge, provided the Sender's Name and Address are enclosed with the Advertisement, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Tootsie undertakes, free of charge and post-free, to forward unopened, to the parties interested, all letters received in reply to the advertisements inserted. Advertisements already received, which do not appear below, will be inserted as soon as space admits. Address—

TOOTSIE, "MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "THE SLOPERIES," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

YOUNG LADY, age 20, petite and refined, would like to meet a gentleman. Must be dark and refined, and not under 5 feet 8 inches in height. Young lady has brown hair, blue eyes, and is 5 feet 3 inches, good figure. Would make a loving little wife to a professional man with moderate income. Address, with photo (which will be returned) if possible, to "BERENGARIA," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

WILLIE and ERNEST would like to correspond with two young ladies, with a view to matrimony, must be cheerful, domesticated, and of amiable dispositions. Willie is tall, fair, age 21. Ernest is tall, dark, age 20, both fond of home, of moderate habits, and holding good positions. Apply by letter (enclosing photo if possible) to "WILLIE" or "ERNEST," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY with fair hair and blue eyes, considered pretty, would like to correspond with a gentleman between 24 and 30, of moderate means, with a view to matrimony. She is 21 years of age, very amiable and highly educated, but has been left an orphan in reduced circumstances. Please address, with photo, "MAY," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, age 24, tall, light complexion, fond of music, would like to correspond with a young lady from 20 to 22 years of age, with a view to matrimony. Advertiser has good income, and would like small capital with lady, but not a necessary condition. All answers will be treated in strict confidence. Address "VENDI," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A TALL YOUNG LADY, aged 20, rather dark, pleasing face, musical, a good voice, and thoroughly domesticated, wishes to correspond with a gentleman of comfortable income. Enclose photo and particulars in confidence, to "LUCY," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, E.C.



KATIE (Aged 20).

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

. In consequence of the enormous number of letters received, we are unable to publish those selected as soon as we could desire; but the Editor wishes to assure his Correspondents that all letters of importance and interest, and of moderate length, will be sure to find a place ultimately in his Letter-Box, and he therefore invites correspondence on all subjects.

2 CALLE JON TALCHAUNO, VALPARISO, CHILI, SOUTH AMERICA. August 20th, 1888.

MY DEAR OLD WHISKY BOTTLE,—Hoping that you will forgive me for addressing you as such, I have just taken up the pen to inform you that your paper, with that splendid nose of yours on it, has found a billet here, ten thousand miles away from home. I have it sent me every mail from home. I was rather surprised when I was taking my Sunday afternoon walk, to see a man, whom at first I took him for your noble self, for he had got your nose and Umbrella to a T; I and my chums passed the remark, there goes SLOPER. Your paper is the pip of the house, and you know that when you are round this quarter of the Globe you must not forget to give us a call; plenty of "Unsweetened" for you. Accept of best wishes from one who admires your lovely nose. I remain yours, &c., J. J. BISHOP.

20 WINCOTT STREET, KENNINGTON ROAD, S.E. September 14th, 1888.

DEAR ALLY,—In your notice of Gatti's Palace of Varieties you mention Mr. Vine as having introduced you into his songs. Mr. Vine was not engaged at Gatti's that week, but it was I who sang the verse on your Unsweetened Highness, also the verses on Tootsie, the Twins, Snatcher, etc., which were all composed extemporaneously on the stage, and which, as you remember, were productive of loud laughter and applause. I suppose in the excitement caused by the loss of the Sloperian Gingham, and the quantity of "Unsweetened" you had imbibed, you got slightly mixed, and thus thanked Mr. Vine for the verses sung by. Yours as heretofore, F. V. ST. CLAIR (Topical Singer and Song Writer).

BRAMBER, SUSSEX.—BEEDING.—September 15th, 1888.

BELOVED AND REVERED F.O.S.—The pride and glory of my domicile was the diploma of F.O.S., which you condescended to bestow upon me in December, 1885, for what you were graciously pleased to describe as the best prophecy for the year 1886. It has been my unhappy fate (having since that date made frequent migrations) to lose that invaluable possession—possibly surreptitiously removed by some ardent admirer who could not resist the temptation to possess herself of your illustrious portrait and autograph. In all humility I confess my fault in not having guarded it with greater care, but hope that in token of gracious forgiveness you will be pleased to issue to me another diploma, which I will take care to suspend beyond the reach of pilfering fingers. In anticipation of which I beg to sign myself your grateful and obliged servant, GEO. S. MORRISON, F.O.S.

BIRMINGHAM, September 16th, 1888.

DEAR ALLY,—The H Troop, 13th Hussars, has had a great acquisition in the way of a fine poodle. It came in our room and we all recognised it as your "Snatcher," minus his collar. Please say if your dog is a deserter, and you will greatly oblige the troop if you will kindly forward the collar. I remain, yours obediently, PRIVATE RONZOE (H Troop, 13th Hussars).

23 HAVELOCK STREET, YORK ROAD, KING'S CROSS, N., September 18th, 1888.

MY DEAR ALLY,—Whilst strolling along the sands at Clacton last Sunday, I happened to gaze once again on that dear old face of yours, which I thought looked rather strange. But there, I suppose it was in consequence of the past troubles you have undergone recently. By-the-bye, I heard of your losing your strong-room key, and feeling very sorry for you, did nothing but search all Clacton for it, with the result—after a long inquiry—that I found it for you, and have an immense pleasure in handing the same now to you. Please to acknowledge receipt of same, as I shall be very anxious until I hear it has been restored to you safely. Kind regards to Mrs. Sloper, Tootsie, and all the dear girls and boys. Believe me, your faithful friend, ALFRED FOSTER.

THE QUARTER'S COME.

(AFTER LONGFELLOW).

THE Quarter's come, and its darkness
Sheds on my soul a blight,
Like the ink from the shattered bottle,
Of the taxes in his flight.

I see the collectors calling
For cash that does not exist;
And a feeling of madness comes o'er me,
To pay them with boot and fist.

A feeling of madness, and longing
To stay what admits no staying;
Which resembles resistance only
As the promise to pay does paying.

Come, tell me of some barney,
Some cunning and artful lay,
That may give me a hint for dealing
With the troubles of Quarter Day.

And the night shall be filled with gladness,
And the tenant, who fears the noon,
Shall pack his traps in the night-time,
And all silently shoot the moon.

TAKING HIM DOWN.

THE other day when the Dook Snook appeared at the office, he put on such frills, that there was no saying a word to him, and at length it turned out that his vanity had been swelled to such an extent owing to the beautiful Mrs. Dollington, at whose house he had dined the previous evening, having called him "young gentleman." "I shouldn't pay so much attention to that if I were you," observed Lord Boh, "because remember, that though you are a young gentleman, you may be an old man all the same."

MORE THAN SHE DESERVED.

GOING home late, the other night, or, rather, early in the morning, we suddenly heard the most excruciating sounds that ever made night hideous, and, turning the corner, perceived that they were produced by our friend Spiffins from an ancient accordion. "What on earth are you doing here, this time of night?" we inquired. "Serenading Miss Sweetlips," was the reply. "But I thought she had jilted you, and taken on with Captain Cuff!" "That's just the reason I am doing it," answered Spiffins. "Revenge is sweet!" and at it he went again with renewed vigour.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

A CASE OF DIFFICULTY—A tin of Australian meat, and nothing to open it with.

MYTHOLOGICAL.—What is the difference between threepence paid to an omnibus conductor and one of the names of Apollo?—One is a bus fee, and the other is Phabus.

THOUGHTFUL.—"Poor dear!" sighed Mr. Smith, stirring up his roasting Wallend, and referring to the late lamented Mrs. S., "how she did enjoy a good fire! Ah, well, let us hope sue's gone where they keep good fires."

MRS. DANDO'S DAUGHTER'S HUSBAND.

A DOMESTIC CHRONICLE OF SIN AND SORROW.

RELATED BY MRS. DANDO.

—(Continued.)

MATILDA has only got four-and-sixpence, and I have only six shillings, but the man says they are really dirt cheap at the price he fixed on them, and it would be robbing his wife and children if he took less than twelve shillings.

We, however, explain to him that ten-and-sixpence is all we have got, and he then suggests that perhaps we can chuck in two or three of the master's old clothes.

Mr. Tomlinson has some old clothes, but Matilda says she thinks Mr. Tomlinson might not like us to dispose of them without consulting him. After all, though, I do not believe he would be annoyed. How could he, when he sees these lovely evergreens, with their bright and charming foliage?

There is that old great-coat in the passage, and the old frock coat I, myself, heard him say pinched him so under the arms, and those old check thingamies, all out of shape at the knees; and there's that old worn-out waistcoat thing he was dibbling in this morning in the garden.

The evergreen man does not seem to think a great deal of Mr. Tomlinson's old things, and holds them up with a disparaging expression at arm's length.

"They're boy's clothes, ain't they?" (I previously observed that Mr. Tomlinson's build is not gigantic.)

However, Matilda repudiates the insinuation with great indignation. The evergreen man holds out that the whole lot is not worth a shilling, and it is only after a great deal of talk, and after he has twice turned about and felt over the things, that he agrees to the barter.

He then offers, for a pint of beer, to plant the shrubs for us, and presently we have the intense gratification of contemplating our purchases (which are really and truly extremely cheap) blooming in a row in front of those nasty staring palings, which, however, they do not actually cover up just yet by a dozen or two yards or so.

They do look noble, though, really. How pleased Mr. Tomlinson will be when he comes home!

Mr. Tomlinson is detained much later than usual in the City, and it is quite dark when he returns, and then he complains of a bad headache, so that Matilda thinks it will, perhaps, be best to keep the shrubs as a surprise until the morning.

Mr. Tomlinson has got rid of his headache this morning, I am happy to say; but I am sorry to say he has got up rather peevish. Matilda, when she comes downstairs to see to the breakfast, is in tears, and says that Mr. Tomlinson has been speaking most unkindly.

When he comes down, he says the eggs are over-boiled so sharply, I am quite in a hurry.

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"They're boy's clothes."



They do look noble!



I am quite in a hurry.

green man, but I pretend not to understand her. "Yes, yes," says Mr. Tomlinson, impatiently. "Where is it? I must have it! When I changed my clothes yesterday morning I was in a hurry, and left a sovereign in the pocket."

(To be continued next week.)

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 46.—MR. SIMS REEVES, F.O.S.
 "Fact is stranger than fiction—of that there is no doubt. Very well. Sims Reeves being a fact, and fiction being a fact,—at least, it is a fact that fiction exists—Sims must be stranger than the latter. Being satisfied that this is the case, we will now proceed. Sims Reeves, even when a gentle babelet, was noted for his singing, inasmuch as it was a daily practice of his to sing himself to sleep. Our young friend's first engagement on the stage was as a scene-shifter. So successful was he at this game, that it was proposed to present him with something, as a kind of thanks-offering for his services. Not being able to afford anything of greater value, the management courteously presented him with the sack. Sims immediately demanded an engagement at an opposition theatre over the way, and, having succeeded in gaining one, immediately made himself famous as a singer. Our hero is noted for the correct manner in which he keeps his engagements—indeed, it is said that he was once engaged to four females at the same time, and married the lot. Chiefly because he can sing when he likes, Sims Reeves was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him, March 13th, 1886."—Debrett improved.



First Dear. Oh! I am going to enjoy myself to-night, Alice. I'm going to the "Proms." Second Dear. Indeed! Is your husband going with you, dear? First Dear. Alice, how can you be so ridiculous? Didn't I say I was going to enjoy myself!



Badner, R.A. (to old lady at country all-sorts shop). My good woman, will you be kind enough to give me a few biscuits, to stay my stomach? I am well-nigh starving. Crusty Old Party. Certainly not. Times I too 'ard to go givin' to tramps. So clear out, afore I let the dogs loose!

"DREAMLAND FACES."



She. How did you like "Dreamland Faces," Mr. Spooner?
 He (nearly awake). Oh! don't mention it—simply horrid. I do really believe I had the night—
 (Fully awake). Oh—er—yes—er—Miss Mountjoy—simply delightful. I—er—don't recollect ever hearing anything so good before. Thank you very much.
 [And poor Spooner had hopes of gaining her for his bride. Needless to say, he was declined without thanks.]



A NEW-LAID 'UN

A fable Cottager (to weary pedestrian, in the wilds of Dartmoor). Sorry we hain't got no eggs, zur, but the old hen is in thick basket; so keep yer eye on her, and you won't have long to wait!
 [Snooks thinks new-laid eggs are all very well, but he doesn't quite fancy 'em laid on the table this fashion.]



HE HAD ONLY ASKED FOR A LITTLE "OOF."
 [He got it, too, at once.]



1. It was a dyspeptic grey goose, of more than average brain power, and one fine morning, consulting the pages of "Old Moore's Almanack," an ominous entry met his gaze.
 2. From that moment he was an altered goose. In vain was the toothsome, albeit succulent, barley scattered before his Pecksniffian beak. He complained of sluggish liver, and stood, like the Pharisee, afar off.
 3. Yet, he cackled a dry cackle as his flesh fell away, and he beheld his plumper

mates carouse. "What's matter wi' thick goose, old gal? Danged if 'e aint gon' binter a gilliglop' consumption!"
 4. The fatal day arrives. Nobly volunteering as a candidate for Lendenhall Markit, he is derisively rejected as unfit.
 5. He could not resist a shout of laughter at the success of his scheme, and straightway went a "buster" all to himself. So rapidly did he improve in condition, that ere long (mistakeable!) he smoked upon the farmer's own platter.